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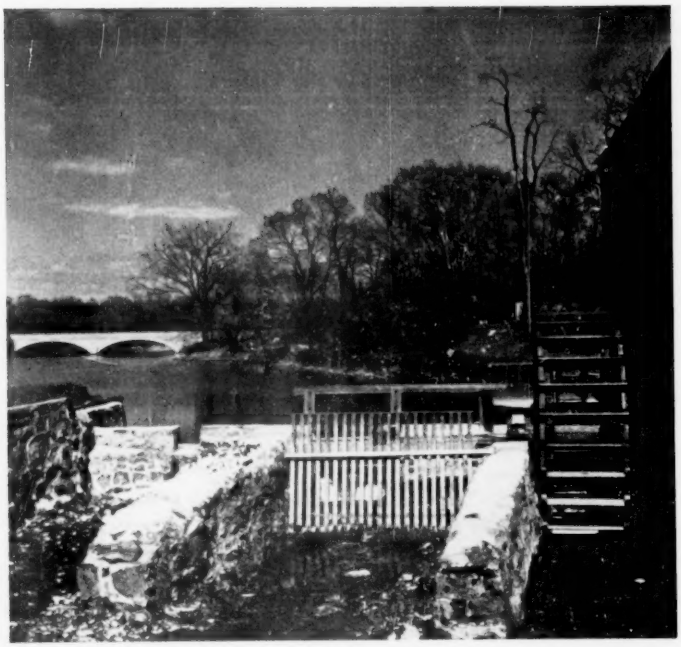

SADDLE ROCK GRIST MILL, NASSAU COUNTY. See next page.

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Malcolm M. Willey, Ph.D.
John C. Huden, Ph.D.

JUNE, 1950

Saddle Rock Grist Mill

The Saddle Rock Grist Mill, sometimes called the Eldridge Mill, stands within the area known as Saddle Rock which, with Kings Point and several other attractive communities occupy this part of the Great Neck peninsula.

The Historic American Building Survey made by the Library of Congress calls it the Eldridge Mill, although it was earlier owned and operated by the Udall family, according to our informant. There are conflicting dates as to when the original mill was erected, one source giving the year as 1668. It was rebuilt in 1702 and was in operation for many years. Following the Revolution, it was repaired and once again began grinding grain in 1790. It is still in running order.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Island's Wild Flowers

By Tabea Hofmann

All along Long Island, in spring, summer, and fall, there are wild flower delights to please the eye of the traveller. Beside highways are such pleasant sights as fields of the Turk's-cap Lily in vibrant vermillion tone, long rows of the Rose-mallow by shore roads and in thickets bordering the streams, huge clumps of the magenta-flowered spikes of the Prairie Gayfeather, feathery plumes, bright in open sunlight on sandy and gravelly slopes outlining the highway as you meander along watching for a view of the breakers of the Atlantic.

In woodlands are such treats as Indian Pipes nodding solitary flowers, mottled Pipsissewa, Purple and Orange Fringe Orchids and occasional mushroom dells.

The yellow water Lily Spatterdock, the golden heads of Swamp Buttercup, then areas of blue spiked Pickerel Weed, goldentips on long white stems called Goldenclub. These are just a few of the outstanding wild aquatic plants you'll see in the shallow water margins of pond and stream. Arrowhead with its delicate, paper-thin, crispy

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The Meadow Island Monument

Author's Note

Acknowledgement is extended the following persons for their conversations, suggestions, and help in securing the material for this article: Mervin Raynor "Decker" Smith, Frank Valentine, Lila Carman Smith, Charles Powell Smith, William C. Plunkett, Frank Willard Young, Richard Vernon Jeffrey, Birdsall Jackson, Gertrude Seaman Jackson and Charles H. Duryea.

By Julian Denton Smith

ONE magnificent fall morning in 1949 we headed out of Wantagh for a try at the 'blues' — they were there, and we found them. Running past the southeast point of Meadow Island—where Swift Creek joins Jones Inlet at the Foreside—the top of the monument on the island shone chalkwhite through the thicket.

A northwest breeze had the leaves in motion or we would not have caught sight of the monument. Although it is five and a half feet high, it is not enough to come above the rank, wild tangle of bayberry, moss rose, Russian olive and poison ivy that frills the southern edge of Meadow Island.

Had we sailed this way when my father was a young boy, we would have seen a white, three-story, moderate-size hotel a few feet north of the present monument. Locally it was "Scott's Hotel"—for the city patrons "New Inlet Hotel".

Had we passed when my grandfather was a young boy, the building would have been just as white, a bit smaller, and standing a couple of hundred feet to the south, where now is a depth of water. It had no name then, but everyone called it "Dick Smith's Place".

Had we gone by there when my great-grandfather was a young boy, we would have seen schooners from New York tied up to the southwest tip of Meadow Island and loading with clear white sand. An enormous sand hill had formed there, the largest sand hill known on Long Island. The sand was shoveled into wooden chutes which led down to the ships.

Extremely few people remember Dick Smith, but his hotel enjoyed such prestige that its name has lived into our times. His meals attracted everyone seeking the best things salt water provided, and his bar offered abundant and satisfying refreshment to the most water-weary.

Meadow Island Monument

Dick Smith held the title of wreck master. His job seemed to be to get word quickly to a salvage company in the city of a wreck on the beach. If the company reached the stranded ship and established claim, he received generous pay. Other wreck masters in and about Freeport envied Dick Smith because he had the jump on them in spotting wrecks — he lived on the site of his job and they were back on the mainland.

Much of the responsibilities of Dick Smith's Place were carried by his wife. She came from the Wanser family in Canarsie — Mary Ann (Wanser) Smith. She made a good job of running a business establishment and bringing up a large family at the same time. Five sons and six daughters looked to her for care and love.

The second daughter, Mary Elizabeth, became the great helper of her mother. Numerous kitchen tasks early fell to her as well as considerable of the care of the later babies. That seemed to be the accepted way things went in the old, big families.

The next child after Mary Elizabeth was a son who centered more of his father's affection than any of the other children. Dick Smith took the boy fishing, taught him to swim, how to build a boat, how to rig it, and how to sail it. He pleasured and delighted in the lad. The boy, Charles Augustus Smith, thought the world of his father.

One day father and son sailed off to the flats for some clams—Charles was seventeen years old. They saw a shower making up in the northwest. It began to look like a bad one, and they hit for home. They reached the hotel before the rain came and stood with the family looking out at the downpour. The rain fell in sheets, flattening the meadow grass and splashing leadenly on the water. Lightning flashed and flared, shining in every raindrop. Suddenly a bolt struck the chimney and came down and out into the room where the family watched from the windows. It touched the father and Charles. Both slumped to the floor.

Mary Ann, the wife and mother, knew what to do. She

threw herself on the body of her husband and, putting her mouth to his, forced air to his lungs. At length he began to breath. The mother lost no time in repeating the action for her son, but success did not come; the lightning had taken the life.

I like the story as it has been handed down through the years. It is the stuff legends are made of. It does seem, however, that motherlove should have guided Mary Ann to attempt resuscitation for Charles first. Perhaps she recognized that he had gone.

Mary Elizabeth had grown to nineteen at the time the lightning killed her brother. We do not know much about her for a dozen years or so. Then we find she has married Andrew J. Scott. The two are running the hotel and, like Mary Elizabeth's parents, are raising a large family. The name of the hotel has changed to "New Inlet Hotel".

The original deed which Dick Smith had for the property showed 30 acres more or less. By the time the Scotts took over, 10 acres perhaps had dropped off into the bay due to the constant cutting and filling of the tides. At the present time less than half the original acreage remains.

The action of the inlets has had something to do with wearing away Meadow Island. Several short-lived inlets have cut through the beach from time to time. The inlet at Hemlock Beach had been that kind, also the one at High Hill which went across where the East Bathhouse now stands on Jones Beach.

Then, too, at the time of the New Inlet Hotel two inlets went from the bay to the ocean within sight of the hotel. One lay a bit to the southeast of Swift Creek and was called the East Inlet. The other, West Inlet, more shallow, ran off to the southwest from Long Creek. Meadow Island separated them.

Gradually West Inlet filled

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Long Island Birdlife is compiled by Edwin Way Teale, nationally known authority; the island's mammals, by Dr. W. J. Hamilton, Cornell zoologist. The most extensive coverage of the island's Indians ever printed was prepared by John H. Morice. Among the authors represented are J. Russel Sprague, Dr. Oscar G. Darlington, Dr. Clarence Ashton Wood, Miss Jacqueline Overton, Rev. John K. Sharp, Chester R. Blakelock, Osborn Shaw, Herbert F. Ricard, Preston R. Bassett, Robert R. Coles, Halsey B. Knapp, Nancy Boyd Willey, Mary E. Bell—in all more than forty such authorities.

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Southold's Undivided Commonage

By Dr. Clarence A. Wood

AT the settlement of what became the town of Southold, its squatters with a fictional or token title based on trivialities and sovereign gifts of land which for untold cons had been the exclusive domain of others, "alloted" to each of themselves a "whomme lotte."

Shortly these so-called "freeholders" proceeded to "divide" among themselves the hinterland, the meadows and the beaches. Subsequently all transfers of realty were granted or purchased for a consideration more substantial than a twig or a trinket.

For a time there were no owners of record, so far as we know, of yet undivided lands. A limited right of "commonage" in the outlying fields and forests, marshes and shore front were gradually granted to newcomers, accepted because of their comformity and orthodoxy. These grants were in proportion to the value of the homestead purchased by the new immigrant.

After a while the earlier settlers began to limit their generosity. Less and less were they disposed to yield to the more recent settlers the use and title of the land at Cutchogue and Aquebogue held in common by those who first arrived and their grantees.

More and more the right of Commonage became a restricted equitable ownership claimed by certain of the freeholders to be vested in them as individuals and their successors in title. This was for the most part generally conceded during several generations. But later purchasers of home sites for a substantial consideration insisted that they too be permitted to share in the undivided common land.

The indistinctness in the line of demarcation between the so-called rights of the earlier inhabitants in the undivided realty and the rights of subsequent indwellers became in time the source of frequent and vexatious contests in the courts.

Occasional small parcels of land, sometimes of little value, were claimed both by the inhabitants in their organized corporate capacity at town meeting and at the same time by individuals who claimed rights therein based upon a vague and hazy title hoary with age.

The Old House, Southold Town. From Watercolor by Cyril A. Lewis.

The greatest source of confusion and controversy as to the extent of ownership and rights of the Commoners arose from the fact that they habitually transacted their business at the annual spring town meeting of the freeholders, or at least on the same day.

There being no records or maps of the town for the first decade or more, the precise history of the "common rights" or in whom they were first vested is unknown.

As early as 1702 the Commoners became dissatisfied with the situation. Stephen Bailey was one who in that year entered his protest on the record. Again at town meeting, April 3, 1705, he and Thomas Moore Jr. forbid the letting of their part of the "common creek thatch."

In 1731 the Commoners appointed three persons to settle the bounds between "their lands and other particular owners."

As late as 1756 the Commoners granted to Ezra L'Hommedieu, he who three decades later fathered the State Board of Regents, one half of the thatch he might grow on the flats near his ancestral domicile near Founders Landing. The inhabitants at town meeting offered no objection.

Six years later John Goldsmith desired the town at its annual meeting to order the owners of the common rights to pay the expenses of having their bounds established.

Although the real ownership of most of the undivided lands was by general consent conceded to belong not to the town but to certain individuals, that is to the Commoners, the latter had no clear and specific title thereto until more

than a decade after the close of the Revolution.

In 1796, through the agency of Senator L'Hommedieu, the Commoners were incorporated. The State Legislature passed a special act which enabled the Commoners to break loose from the town government and manage their own affairs.

Their first meeting thereafter was held in September of that year at the house of Lieut. Moses Case at Cutchogue. They organized, elected officers, opened a book of records and thereafter for approximately a century met in early April right after the business of Town Meeting Day was concluded.

In latter days of the 19th century Hutchinson H. Case, grandson of Lieut. Case and a storekeeper on Blubber Row at Cutchogue, was a sturdy supporter of the Commoners' claims. As their president and treasurer, he for many years presided over their conclaves, usually held at the home of J. Baldwin Terry at Peconic, afterwards at the domicile of Joseph Terry, Jr.

Henry Landon, also of Cutchogue, was another Commoner contemporary with Hutchinson Case. "The Judge", as Landon was called, was slow of speech as he was slow of motion. He came to the gatherings of the Commoners driving an old white horse gaited to synchronize with the spirit and movements of its owner.

Many a hard fought battle was taken to the law courts during this period over some strip of land not worth the cost of litigation. When any important matter of controversy arose, Hutchinson Case was sent by his fellow Commoners to Riverhead to consult Judge George Miller. The dictum of the latter was evaluated by the Commoners as the equivalent of a decision by the Court of Appeals at Albany.

At the annual meeting of the Commoners, Case first reported on the fiscal affairs of the corporation. Then he distributed the dividends if any were left after "lawing."

With the Commoners on these occasions also foregathered those who desired to purchase from the Commoners the privilege of cutting salt hay during the succeeding summer from certain specified sections of the meadows south of the highway and abutting on the Peconic shore.

Those who had not paid up on their contract of the previous year were first called upon to settle their account with the treasurer. Then auctioneer Goldsmith Horton of Southold village took over.

Sometimes the bidding was lively. A group of farmers would often combine to hire jointly a certain strand of

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Among "Leaves of Grass"

Editor's Note

The author, with her husband, Town Historian Andrus T. Valentine, a resident of Cold Spring Harbor, here reveals, for the first time in print, data which she literally unearthed on the background of Long Island's most famous native son, Walt Whitman, born May 31, 1819 at West Hills in Huntington.

By Harriet G. Valentine

FOR a succession of Springs, when lilacs were wine colored buds, I had thought of seeking out a small burial ground somewhere above the Cold Spring Lakes. On a laurel covered hill, I had heard, was the family plot of the early Van Velsors, each grave bordered with conch shells. There I might find the graves of Naomi and Cornelius Van Velsor, grandparents of Walt Whitman.

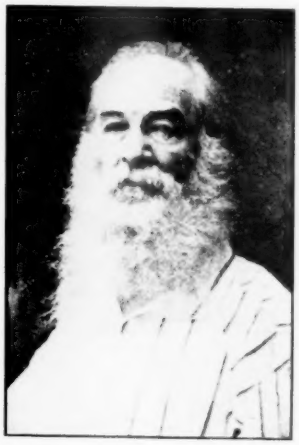
One crisp May morning I saddled my son's Golden Chestnut and with a sandwich in the pocket of my red flannel shirt I trotted off, determined to follow the footsteps of Walt Whitman on his return in 1881 to the old homestead and burial ground.

We jogged through the quiet Main street of Cold Spring Harbor where a few villagers, standing in front of the Post Office, sunning themselves and yawning over the morning mail, squinted in our direction. Following the shore road, the water was an unreal blue, reflecting a spring sky.

On toward the lakes, the Chestnut made a great show of snorting and clearing his nostrils, pricking his ears, arching his neck and rolling his eyes. Threatening to shy at the slightest movement of shrub or limb, he communicated his eagerness to me in no uncertain terms. Then past the three lakes, dark brown, the color of English ale; past the sun-shot woods where the leathery green of the skunk cabbage defined myriads of runlets; we turned right into sandy Stillwell Lane.

The Giant's Grave rises to the left, and on ahead to the first bend in the road and below the embankment is the site of the old Stillwell homestead. The Stillwells and Van Velsors had been neighbors, so our hunt began here. What a morning—I'll never forget it!

We must have climbed a dozen hills, which all began



Walt Whitman

to look alike. Through laurel and underbrush, oak and locust thicket; torn and whipped, I decided to give up. Somehow I had gotten into a tangle of honeysuckle and running blackberry vine before I realized what I was doing. The Chestnut kicked and pawed to free himself, then stood sweating and trembling before beating his way out again. Every time a brier clung around a leg he would strike out in squealing frenzy. We were both in a lather when we finally returned to the site of the Stillwell homestead.

I slid off to a patch of grass and let the horse sigh and graze there beside me. My sandwich, when I took it out of my pocket was as warm as newly baked bread. The sun and my struggle in the brier patch had melted the jelly. "It's alright, Walt," I said, "you may think your *running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven*, but just at this point it doesn't impress me."

But I did ". . . loaf and invite my soul, lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of summer grass." Drowsily I noticed that around the foundation of the old house were growing coralberry, lilac and bridal wreath, with myrtle and lily-of-the-valley softening a remembered dooryard.

The next year we tried again and found the Van Velsor burial ground! It was almost under our nose. Astride the Golden Chestnut it was just an eighth of a mile trot from the Stillwell place up the road to the right where we climbed the first hill, and there in an undergrowth of laurel and young oak were the gravestones—Naomi Van Velsor who died in 1832, and beside her grave a sunken place with a fieldstone marker where the body of her husband Cornelius was buried in 1837.

Whitman walked down from the graveplace, 80 yards, to the site of the Van Velsor homestead. He recalled his "grandmother Amy's sweet old face in its Quaker Cap," as he used to see her as a young boy, and his grandfather, "the Major, jovial and stout, with a sonorous voice. The long low shingled house with its vast kitchen and ample fireplace, the sitting room, the meals, the house full of merry people." Now, only the big hole of the cellar was left, indicating the site.

"Even the copious old brook and spring seems to have mostly dwindled away. The Van Velsor people were noted

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and ruffly white flowers in whorls is one wild flower you will delight in finding in pond and stream margins.

The Cardinal Lobelia, one of our most glorious native wild flowers in color and in form, may be found towering proudly above moist thickets and stream banks, bright red in long inflorescence. There are pink and white Turtleheads with their curiously shaped flowers resembling turtle heads, and many varieties of Goldenrods including the white or Silver rod, together with many varieties of asters, among them Goldenaster one of the choicest and dearest, and New England aster, usually regarded as the most beautiful of wild asters, also tall thistles with pinkish purple tufted heads towering in open woods and grassy thickets. These are just a few of the many colorful wild flowers you will find here.

Long stretches of Sand Pinks or Moss Phlox appear in June as mossy tufts all along the sandy barrens. Here also are the large yellow blossoms of the Prickly-Pear Cactus, the lustrous pink petals of Wild Roses unfolding, and the compact groups of sweet lavendar flowers of the Beach Pea, a trailing vine with tendrils at the tip of the leaves. Also Woolly Gold Heather, densely tufted, crowded and woolly, yellow Wild Indigo, spangle grass, bottlebrush grass and Indian grass, all native species. Fairy candles, flowers small, white, in slender groups on 4 to 6 foot stalks, grace the wooded slopes. Pink Woodland Gerardia spreads bush-like in the thick woods. Goldstar-grass and slender Blue-eyed Grass are everywhere in the meadow, low at base, tiny ½ inch flowers peeping out above tufts of slender leaves.

Butterfly weeds in bright clumps of brilliant orange yellow appear as gorgeous dots near the highways. Turning beside rocky slopes to the sandy barrens, one discovers many other unusual beauties of the wild flower world, such as St. Andrew's

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More About the Lloyds

By Kate W. Strong

IN looking over "The Papers of the Lloyd Family" as published by the N.Y. Historical Society, I find many interesting items that have to do with the life in those early days.— Fear of pirates for one thing!

On May 24th 1717 John Nelson, wrote to Henry Lloyd from Boston: "We are under a deep concerne about Peggies returne (to Queens Village) for there is on our coast a pirate who hath taken Several Vessells, soe that it will be noe waies safe for her to Come by water, at least not further than Road Island, but it would be better to come by land from New Lon-don tho' of more charge." Later I find that a friend escorted Peggie home in safety.

In a letter of 1748, Mr. Henry Lloyd writes that Sister Smith, wife of William Henry Smith, wishes sent from Boston a chair (a light two-wheeled carriage) like the one "that you got for Dr. Muirson, the best Hung & goes the pleasantest of any I have seen." He asks that it be sent by land to Rhode Island as there are plenty of privateers on the coast. The chair evidently did not prove satisfactory, as later the manufacturer agreed to replace defective axle, a pretty serious defect in a two-wheeled carriage.

In a letter from Paschal Nelson in Boston to Henry Lloyd, written June 14, 1723, he writes: "Your Brother Eswicke has met with a Loss lately by the pirats, they took a vessell of his brother (Stephen), Commander who very providentially escaped with his life, his head being on the block and the Ax lifted up." How he escaped, the writer did not explain.

Dr. George Muirson of Setauket was the Lloyds' doctor and some of his medicines must have been pretty hard to take. —Mr. Lloyd's slave Jupiter had pains in his leggs, knees and thighs, which Dr. Muirson feared "may reach up to his stomach." He called it "Gouty Rumatic Disorder." Here are his directions. First day give a purge in the morning and a bolus at night, next day take 14 ounces of blood from his foot. Afterwards for six weeks he is to use a drink made of Horse Radish Roots, Bark of Elder Roots Pine Buds or Toad Sorrel." After that for the rest of the summer he was to drink milk whey and go on a thin spare diet; no meat, spirituous liquors, salt, peper and vinegar. I do not think Mr. Lloyd got much work out of Jupiter that summer.

The Lloyds were Episcopalians. However, in 1717 they were permitted to have a pew in the Congregational Church, which later became Presbyterian. In 1731 the minister, the Rev. Ebenezer Prime, preached a sermon which gave great offence to Mr. Lloyd to whom he later wrote a long letter, explaining that he had not intended the sermon as a reproof to any one family.

It seemed it was a time of drought and sickness, and the minister had taken for his text Psalm 49:19, "He shall go to the Generation of his fathers: They shall never see light." He had spoken against dancing and frolicking nights by all young people, not just the Lloyd children. It was after this that the Lloyds sailed across the Sound on Sundays to worship at St. John's Episcopal Church in Stamford.

I had heard of Peter Van Dyke, silversmith, who, in fact, made the silver cups for the Presbyterian Church here in Setauket and for other Long Island churches; but I never had heard of Richard Van Dyke until I read the following letter from Henry Lloyd:

"Queens Village March 13, 1749-50. Mr. Richard Van Dyke: I send you by the Bearer Mr. Scudder 6 Silver Spoons which desire you will make anew giving the Bowls good substance so as not to be too Clumsey & to make me two New ones besides. I send also a Tea Spoon something bruised which pray you will rectify and make me 5 new Tea Spoons & let all be marked L L on the back of the handle. Shall be glad you will do them soon because we have not sufficient for the family use left. If you can let me know when I may send for them & I will send money to pay for them. Your Humble Servant, Lloyd.

"The great Spoons are 9½ oz. & 3 dwt by my weights. What silver is wanted to make them you will add thereto."

I wonder whether Richard was any relation to Peter.

To Home Sweet Home

By Mary E. Bell

East Hampton's Home; the universal home—
Lulled with the music of the sounding sea
It matters not how far afield I roam,
This music calls my heart eternally.
I love the level landscapes with clear view
Of flaming sunsets and faint evening star,
Luxuriant colors splashed on western blue
And echoed in the eastern sky afar.
Its wide old-fashioned street—it casts a spell
On all the world—this village by the sea.
No words of mine are adequate to tell
How strangely dear East Hampton is to me.

The author of the above poem was born in Home, Sweet Home. —Editor.

The Meadow Island Monument

Continued from page 104

and now the Town of Hempstead beach occupies the site. East Inlet then became Jones Inlet and year by year, as is the cycle, worked along to the west and now approaches the location of the old West Inlet.

Due to the wearing away of Meadow Island deep water moved in too close to Dick Smith's Place. The old hotel was jacked up, beams run underneath, and the whole thing dragged along up to higher ground to the north.

Wings were added to the east and west; the east one a single-story extension like a vast dining room, the west side three stories for living and guest accomodations. This made a modernized structure and would justify the word *new* in the name. The title New Inlet Hotel never became popular, everyone referred to the place simply as Scott's Hotel.

The Scott's kept the hotel spic and span inside and out. White paint everywhere, even the garden fence. The garden needed to be bound off to keep out wandering cows. Farmers on the mainland made a habit of summering their freshening cows on the town-owned islands of the bay. The cows could not stray, grass was plentiful and free, and a fairly shallow hole provided a supply of fresh water.

When the nights turned cold with the coming of fall, the cows were taken home. Wide, flat - bottomed skiffs transported the cattle; the same boats that ran the salt hay back to the mainland for curing in Ma'shin' Season.

A pond of fresh water had always existed on Meadow Island. It lay behind the dunes about five hundred feet directly west of Scott's Hotel. The pond froze in winter and from it the Scotts, and Dick Smith before them, cut the ice and stored it in an ice house at the edge of the pond. In summer the ice chilled the long, tall drinks which crossed the bar.

Today the pond shows as a dourk; the tides having eaten away the island back as far as the old pond. (Dourk appears to be a colloquialism indicating an indentation in the shore line at high tide from which a stream of water flows at low tide.)

The Scotts kept a horse for hauling supplies and sundries from the dock on Swift Creek to the hotel, a distance of more than one thousand feet. The lane rose gently from the dock and twisted between the sand dunes.

The Scott garden covered a large area. It spread to the south between the dining room and the water. The location is still evident on the flat land immediately south and southeast of the monument. Off to the east of the garden came the chicken yard, the hog pen, and the cow barn. The Scotts stayed on the island all

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year and needed the usual farm stock to see them through the long winter months.

The garden produced a variety of vegetables and particularly those used in making clam chowder — the Long Island chowder, not the milky New England sort. Lack of soil prohibited potato growing, although sweet potatoes did extremely well. Tomatoes sprawled in Scott's garden, no effort being made to support them. They bore heavily a fairly large, seedy, watery fruit without much flesh. Watermelon flourished just as they still do, even in unenriched beach sand. Mainland farmers always marveled at the grand onions Scott raised. Apparently these surpassed the excellent ones produced on the north shore of Long Island.

Beach gardening required a small amount of soil. It was brought down from the mainland and scattered an inch or two thick over the garden. An unusual action set up in the sand covered by the soil — plenty of moisture rose through the sand and into the soil, the soil acting as a mulch.

Perhaps the abundant supply of water is not remarkable when we recall that the water level lay not far below the surface of the sand. It used to be common practice on the beach to carry a skimmer shell in the back trouser pocket. A man, upon becoming thirsty, used the shell to scoop away a foot or two of sand between the dunes until water surged into the hole. After allowing the water to 'settle' the shell served as a dipper to lift the cool, clear, fresh water to the lips.

Fertilizer and humus came to the gardens in the form of fish, animal manures, eel grass, and clumps of fibrous rootage from the mud bogs. Eel grass and the root masses were gathered from the drift rows at the edge of the tides and worked under in the garden. Refuse from the kitchens found burial in areas destined to become garden space in another year. Careful dusting with wood ashes from the kitchen stove served to keep mildew off the plants.

These hand-made gardens appeared here and there along the beach. The captains of the government houses (coast guard stations) on Short Beach and Point Lookout gardened extensively; it helped them pass the time. Frequently morning glories, nasturtiums, and four o'clocks were added to the gardens. They blossomed freely.

In the last few years of the nineteenth century relations grew strained between the United States and Spain. War followed. Charles A. Scott, the second son of the family on Meadow Island, joined the Navy with a rating of Carpenters Mate. He was assigned to the "Maine" and lost his life when the battleship blew up in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898.

By that time the Scotts had gone out of the hotel business, having reached an age in which the hard, strenuous demands of hotel business became too great. They rented the building to south shore families for vacation purposes. The place quickly went to pieces and failed to attract even the most hard-pressed vacationists.

Mrs. Scott had long been interested in real estate at Freeport. She also owned a remnant business in that village —a sort of single-item dry goods store. It is said that several times she accumulated goodly sums of money only to lose them.

About 1905 she ordered a granite monument from one of the stone concerns near Greenfield Cemetery in Hempstead. It was designed to display two bronze tablets or plaques on opposite faces — one setting forth a few generations of the Smiths and Scotts, the other perpetuating the memory of the two boys who had been killed.

The monument and plaques were completed, transported by boat to Meadow Island, and there erected upon a deep footing of cement set on a bed of sand and gravel. The total cost was $1450, a very substantial sum in those days.

Although the location of the monument on Meadow Island was determined more than a generation before the appearance of the Long Island State Park activities, its site seems oriented by certain park features. The monument lines up with the Short Beach Coast Guard Station and the bridge over Swift Creek. To the eastward the Jones Beach Tower appears beneath and at the center of the lift bridge over Sloop Channel.

I visited the monument and found it in excellent condition on the second day of 1950 after parking my car on the bridge at Long Creek and walking across Meadow Island. I cut down the brush in order to take the measurements of the monument and to get a snapshot to use as an illustration with this article. I traced the outlines of the old hotel and barn, marked by the remains of sill plate, brick and cement foundation points and decaying lumber. These identification marks would be hidden in summer under the mass of woody vegetation spreading over and filling the hotel site.

Anyone reading the wordings of the two plaques and thinking as he reads finds a peculiar omission. There is no date recorded for the day Charles Augustus Smith died by lightning. This date should have been available, it would seem, from the headstone of his grave in the family burying plot at the Presbyterian cemetery on Church Street, Freeport. The high school now occupies the site of the cemetery, the cemetery having been removed to a section of Greenfield at Hempstead. The south plaque, however, gives the age at the time of death.

The Meadow Island Monument contains the following data:

Below the name SMITH are listed Richard (Nov. 11, 1814—July 7, 1886) and Mary Ann (Mar. 2, 1816—Nov. 2, 1881), together with their children: Stephen, Abigail Eliza (died Aug. 3, 1891), Mary Elizabeth

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cross with golden petals forming an oblique cross to which the name refers, and in damp sandy flats Purple and Yellow Candyroot, their colorful rounded heads in cylindric groups on short, leafy stems.

Then in the salt marshes and meadows are Silver-and-Gold, their golden flowers appearing above the silver green pinnate leaves; and Silverweed or Wild Tansy, flat-topped groups of yellow florets and leaves large with fern-like patterns in numerous sharp segments. The Partridge-pea is brilliant with yellow flowers in the strong sunlight, its long pods adorning the stems of pinnately compound leaves. Evening-Primrose has light yellow four-petalled flowers about 1 inch across opening about mid-afternoon.

Then you must not miss the Fireweed with its rosy pink flowers in long, slender inflorescence, nor fail to witness the wild Fox Gloves whose yellow funnel-form flowers cluster at the top of swaying, 3 or 4 foot leafy stems in shady woods along the roadsides.

Over 200 of these wild flowers have been painted in full color by Miss Hofmann, one of America's flower illustrators and famous for her superb portrayals which she painted in fields, woodlands, marshes, and beside sandy dunes. Her collection is on exhibition May 27th through June 11th at Suffolk Museum, Stony Brook.—Editor.

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Jamaica HAS Changed

The demolition of an old frame building standing on the southeast corner of Jamaica Ave., and Union Hall St., Jamaica, L. I., is a reminder to an older generation of Jamaica residents of how the Village of Jamaica, which became a part of the City of New York in 1898, retained many of it's rural characteristics until well into the second decade of the twentieth century.

Fulton St., as Jamaica Ave. was then called, had four churches and many fine homes on it as late as 1910. Only two of those churches still face the avenue. The Reformed Church and Grace Church (Episcopal). The Presbyterian Church at Clinton St. was moved into a side street, and the Methodist Church at Puntine St. was demolished and twice rebuilt in other locations.

One of the old mansions that deserves mention, a beautiful Colonial

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type with white columned porch stood on the south side of Fulton St., east of New York Ave. It had been the home of William Cass Baker one time Sheriff of Queens County, and in 1908 it housed the Jamaica Branch of The Queens Borough Public Library. The Rufus King mansion, now an historical shrine, still stands on Jamaica Ave., west of the main business section.

A recent issue of The Long Island Sunday Press showed a cut of part of Fulton St., west of Flushing Road (Parsons Blvd.) as it looked in 1840. Warne's Tavern, where President Washington stopped in 1790, is clearly shown and this writer recognized it at once as a building that was still standing in the late 1890s. It stood at or very near the corner of Jamaica Ave. and Twombly Place and was then known as Pettit's Hotel. I do not know when it was demolished.

John Tooker, Babylon.

* * *

By Way Of Clarification

In scanning for a second time the January, 1950 issue of the Long Island Forum, my eyes came to rest for a moment on the reproduction of a portion of a letter from the State Commissioner of Education, Doctor Francis T. Spaulding to your Doctor Wood. I truly was a bit startled to read that the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures was holding this year its annual meeting in Chancellor's Hall of the State Education Building. The basis of my surprise was that this distinguished society, incorporated March 12, 1792, became extinct by expiration of its limited term charter on May 1, 1804, and, of course, has held no meetings for the past 146 years.

The statement of Commissioner Spaulding that this Society was holding a meeting in 1950, calls for a slight modification. The organization which held its annual meeting in Chancellor's Hall, Albany, on Jan. 18, 1950, is the very much alive New York State Agricultural Society founded in 1832. This society, in a certain sense, was the spiritual successor of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures, but there was no organic connection between the two. In fact between the expiration of the one and the founding of the other, there were two other organizations devoted to something of the same objectives. These were the Society for the Promotion of Useful

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Arts and the Board of Agriculture. Both were short lived.

It may seem odd that the authoritative **A History of Agriculture in the State Of New York (Hendrick)** published in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the New York State Agricultural Society does not include the name of Ezra L' Hommedieu among the thirteen greatly distinguished citizens of New York singled out for special mention from the founders of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures. The omission of L'Hommedieu has, however, little significance as the roster of that society in the year of its founding was so replete with celebrities that within the limits of space not all could be memorialized. As the author, Doctor U. P. Hendrick comments "Of the 149 names on the first membership roll of the Society, there was scarcely one devoid of note in the State and Nation."

Berne A. Pyrke,
Albany, N.Y.

In submitting the above comment, Judge Pyrke, a former State Commissioner of Agriculture as well as past president of the State Historical Association, further writes that "The Forum becomes a permanent record in the hands of its subscribers and in the libraries, and something which currently might be easily recognized as an inadvertence, in the course of time might have the appearance of a factual statement."

Shortly after Judge Pyrke wrote the above comment, Dr. Spaulding died as the result of an automobile accident. His untimely passing was a serious loss to the field of public education in this State.—Editor.

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Island's Part in World Aviation

PART IX

PRESTON R. BASSETT

President, Nassau County Historical Society

The business of air transportation had been growing by leaps and bounds during the 1930s. Air mail, air express and passenger service were becoming big business. Municipal airports and government airways linked together all of the larger cities. New York City was still unhappy in having its airline terminal in Newark, New Jersey, not only outside of the city, but even outside of the State. Mayor LaGuardia made it one of his major projects to remedy this situation. A survey made in 1935 pointed to North Beach, Long Island, as a favorable site. Located on the north shore of Queens County, west of Flushing, it had advantages of being near the city and having unobstructed approaches over the surrounding water. There was already a small privately owned airfield called North Beach Airport, which had been constructed in 1929 on the site of an old amusement park. It was, however, quite inadequate in size, consisting of only 105 acres, but New York City leased it in 1935 and started to make elaborate plans. In September, 1937, the Board of Estimate approved the site for development, President Roosevelt approved the work as a Works Project Administration project, and Mayor LaGuardia lifted the first shovelful of earth. A trestle was built from Rikers Island over Bowery Bay to the airport for use in transporting the great mound of cinders, ashes and rubbish from the Department of Sanitation's huge dumps on the Island to the airport for use as fill.

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Linen and the mauve tones, both summer fashion news, are seen in this sheath dress of lavender linen in which the only decoration is a front panel of hand-drawnwork, and the drawnwork border on the removable capelet.

Victor Joris, student of Traphagen School of Fashion, New York, is the young designer. He shows in the upper illustration how he draped the dress in lavender muslin, as classmate Betty McGuire models the finished garment. Use of colored muslins is a new method incorporated into the Traphagen classwork in the creating of original designs, because color supplies more inspiration and makes it possible to visualize the completed costume.

With light shades and white now looming large in town fashions, this is a city as well as a country dress. Miss McGuire was photographed here in the lovely old garden of the Engineering Women's Club at Fifth Avenue and Washintgon Square, part of the charming area so many New Yorkers are fighting to save from skyscraper encroachment.

Island's Part in World Aviation

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The 105 acres was extended by filling out into Bowery and Flushing Bays until the acreage totaled 558. Seventeen million cubic yards of fill were moved. Large hangars and a fine administration building were erected. By 1939 the filling and construction project was so huge that it was employing 23,000 men. On October 15, 1939, the "New York Municipal Airport" at North Beach was dedicated with great ceremony by Mayor LaGuardia while large squadrons of Army and Navy airplanes circled overhead. Several years later the name was changed to LaGuardia Airport and as such it has risen rapidly to first place, the busiest airport in the world.

The figures are astonishing. In the year 1946 the transatlantic departures and arrivals alone included 3660 flights, 104,000 passengers took off or landed during the year on these international flights. But the overall total of arrivals and departures for the year at LaGuardia Field, including the domestic as well as foreign flights, were 197,000 flights carrying over three million passengers. The airport handled many more passengers during the year than all of the marine ships entering and leaving New York Harbor.

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Famous Tulip Tree

Anent the very large tulip tree that once stood near the Brooklyn Ferry, concerning which Dr. Wood wrote in the Forum some time ago, I recently found a reference to it in "Colonial Days in Old New York," a book written by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle of Brooklyn Heights.

"More idyllic still," writes Mrs. Earle, "was the rowing across the river to Brooklyn, to the noble Tulip Tree near the ferry, with its great spreading shadowy branches, so cool during summer suns, glorious with tropical blooms, and hospitable with a vast shining hollow trunk which could hold six or eight happy summer revellers within its sheltering walls."

On May 6, 1860 my uncle and aunt, Charles Osborne and Maria Halsey Haines were married by Dr. Whitaker in the First Presbyterian Church of Southold. They came to Brooklyn the next day. On Boerum place, corner of Red Hook lane, at that time there was standing an enormous Willow Tree. Barnum set up his circus on the block at DeKalb avenue and Fulton street. Prospect Park was all woods.

It was the delight of this young bride and groom to wander there and gather chestnuts. There was a grove at Gates and Tompkins where people held picnics. A one-horse car ran through East New York on Myrtle avenue to Fulton Ferry. The driver sat on top of the car. Big sleds were run from Sands street to Williamsburg in wintertime with eight or ten horses to pull them.

In those days boys had fun jumping on the L. I. Railroad mainline trains running from Greenport to South Ferry. From Classon avenue to Boerum place a man on

Continued on page 118

Mac Arthur Airport

in the heart of Long Island

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SPERRY

Great Neck

Long Island

Island's Part in World Aviation

Continued from Page 116

The future shows no signs of leveling off at these figures. La-Guardia Field is already saturated and cannot expand. Hence, even a greater airport is in the making. Idlewild Airport on the shores of Jamaica Bay is already well along toward completion to take care of the great future of air transportation. It was dedicated by President Truman, Governor Dewey and Mayor O'Dwyer on July 31, 1948. But as it is part of the future instead of the past, it can find no place in this history except the comment that it gives assurance of Long Island's continued high place in air transportation far into the coming years.

So much for air transport or the business of flying. There is another phase of flying which cannot be overlooked in surveying the Long Island activities—that of pleasure flying.

A great wave of enthusiasm for pleasure flying swept the entire country after Lindbergh's flight. The public suddenly became air-minded. Many small flying clubs and private airfields sprang up in every state. Before they were well established, however, the depression came and few survived more than a year or two.

Until recently, however, there survived a unique and outstanding club, the Long Island Aviation Country Club of Hicksville. For twenty years it served as the model for combining the pleasures of a country club with those of the personal airplane. Founded in 1928, it had a membership list which read much like the Blue Book. W. K. Vanderbilt, C. V. Whitney, W. A. Rockefeller, Harry Guggenheim, Nelson Doubleday, J. B. Forrestal, Dougl. Fairbanks, F. Trubee Davison, C. A. Lindbergh, Grover Loening and Sherman Fairchild were a few of the charter members.

Under the skillful leadership of Charles Lawrence, designer of the Wright Whirlwind engine, as its first president, a clubhouse, hangar, tennis courts and swimming pool were constructed. A fine all-turf field was laid out and on June 29, 1929, it was dedicated with an accompanying air exhibition. For 20 years the annual garden parties and air shows, at which the manufacturers of personal airplanes demonstrated their latest models, have been one of aviation's top social events. The club has always kept an atmosphere of the country club rather than the hangar and repair-shop atmosphere of the usual private flying field. Its success made it world renowned and it will undoubtedly be the pattern for many such organizations in the future.

There are numerous other airfields on Long Island, among them MacArthur Airport south of Lake Ronkonkoma in Islip Town. This field was developed by the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Authority during 1942. Grumman and Republic each have largest fields adjacent to their plants.

In Suffolk County there are Suffolk Airport, a privately owned field near Riverhead; Suffolk County Airport, developed by C. A. A.; Easthampton Airport and several smaller privately owned fields.

To be continued

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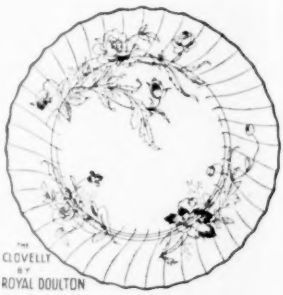

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Southold's Undivided Commonage

Continued from Page 106

beach or a definite stretch of meadow. It sometimes happened that some farmer for some reason had fallen from favor with the other members of his group. He might have carted more seaweed from the beach than his associates thought he should have. In such a case the others of his group formed a new combination and froze out their greedy neighbor. He would then try to get together another group.

Some bidders were sure to try to confuse the aged auctioneer by increasing their bids by a shilling or perhaps eighteen pence. While someone attempted to straighten out this matter there would be a breathing spell that might be used in further "logrolling."

It being by this process finally determined who should harvest what meadows or gather sea weed from what beach the farmers would then settle down to their springtime pursuits. Those who had rights in the Crow seine company were soon thereafter called out to prepare their windlass, boats, ropes and seine that they might fertilize their sandy loam fields with bunkers.

In May 1906, the act of the State Legislature (ch. 52), as amended in 1847 (ch. 399), was further amended so as to provide that "The said proprietors (of the Southold commons) may at any time in their discretion * * * sell and convey by deed all their right, title and interest in all or any part of said lands and meadows."

Thereby soon passed into oblivion an institution of the past. No longer did spirited auctions of the habitat of fiddler crabs and of soft clams enliven the prosaic existence of the farmer-fishermen of Southold town.

Forum

Continued from page 116

horseback went ahead of the train waving a red flag to warn the people. Such was Brooklyn in 1860.

(Mrs.) Eva Gordon Slaterbeck,
1487 East 14th Street,
Brooklyn.

* * *

Named For Long Islanders

Early Long Islanders who removed to other and, for those days, distant places, sometimes perpetuated their names in the towns and villages wherein they made their homes. Elizabethtown, N. J., for instance, is named for Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Richard "Bull" Smith of Smithtown. She married William Lawrence, a patentee of Flushing in 1645, and later married Sir Philip Carteret, governor of New Jersey.

Soper's Landing on Barnegat Bay is named for Ruben Soper of Long Island (Huntingtown town, I think), who was killed by the refugee, John Bacon near Barnegat Inlet. William Cramer of Long Island also settled at Barnegat in the late 1600's and his daughter Sarah married Timothy Ridgeway in 1729. Other Long Islanders who settled there were Birdsalls, Sprigues, John Conklin and John Soper of Gravesend. At the old Meeting House near Barnegat is a Book inscribed in 1787 by John Conklin (2) and Stephen Conklin.

Jansen Berrien, a Huguenot native of Holland, settled in Flatbush in 1669 then moved to Newtown in 1685. His grandson appears to have moved to Somerset County, N. J., where he was a taxpayer in 1735. I believe he was the Judge Berrien who built Rockingham, the fine old house in which General Washington is said to have written his farewell address in 1783. On the John Dilley map of 1745 the Berrien homestead is marked as being "east of Millstone."

The Platts of Sunken Meadow, Long Island, settled on Lake Champlain and founded the village of Plattsburgh. Timothy Tredwell (born 1713) married Mary, daughter of Ebenezer Platt, and, settling nearby, gave his name to Tredwell's Bay.

Thomas Lawrence, brother of the above mentioned William, settled in Westchester County and became the ancestor of its present Lawrences after whom beautiful Lawrence Farms, which they developed, is named. Another Lawrence, Isaac, left Long Island for Eastchester about 1700 and there acquired a 500-acre estate which he named Virginia. The present city of Mount

Continued on Page 122

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Among "Leaves of Grass"

Continued from Page 107

for fine horses, which the men bred and trained from blooded stock. My mother, as a young woman, was a daily and daring rider. For there with all those wooded, hilly, healthy surroundings, my dearest mother, Louisa Van Velsor, grew up." Walt continues, ". . . my mother told me one day as we sat at dinner together, of when she was nearly a grown girl living with her parents on the homestead."

A red squaw came one breakfast-time to the old homestead,
On her back she carried a bundle of rushes for rush-bottoming chairs,
Her hair, straight shiny, coarse black, profuse, half-envelop'd her face,
Her step was free and elastic, and her voice sounded exquisitely as she spoke,
My mother look'd in delight and amazement at the stranger,
She looked at the freshness of her tall-borne face and full and pliant limbs,
The more she look'd upon her she loved her,
She had no work to give her, but she gave her remembrance and fondness,
The red squaw staid all the forenoon, and toward the middle of the afternoon she went away,
O, my mother was loth to have her go away,
All the week she thought of her, she watch'd for her many a month,
She remembered her many a winter and many a summer,
But the red squaw never came nor was heard of there again.

And so, with "ever returning spring," alone or with family and friends it has been a "perennial" discovery of a once loved spot. As we walked through the burial ground again, reading the headstones, we recalled a passage of Whitman's: "Tenderly I will use you curling grass—you may transpire from the breasts of young men or from offspring taken soon out of their mother's lap."

Once we met two young Van Velsors, a brother and sister, who had played here as children and knew the history of their people. Because they sensed we were sympathetic, they wanted to show us their hidden pond. Anxious parents had warned them never to wade in the pond, for cows had been known to sink out of sight in the quick sand and muck. They led us scrambling down a steep hillside, clutching at old laurel trees with trunks as large as a man's forearm. We were startled to find the pond so near; hidden in a socket of hills, like a dark sunken eye. ". . . that turbid pool that lies in the forest . . . black stumps decaying in muck . . . moaning gibberish of dry limbs."

The youngsters urged us on, eagerly sharing a breath of their childhood with us. Lifting up a matted screen of honeysuckle, they revealed a wall of tumbled stones. The foundation was so completely hidden we never could have found it. Only the young Van Velsors and the engulfing wave of green knew of its existance, except vestages of an old apple orchard which stands mute witness along the fringe of woods.

This spring again, with friends we found the burial plot fenced with a neat post and rail. We crawled through —"The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections. They scorn the best I can do to relate them."

We eased our way down to the hidden pond once more and froze at the sight and sound of a pair of wood-duck . . . so rare these days. We had discovered their secret! "My tread scares the wood-duck and the wood-drake . . . they rise together, then slowly circled around. I believe in these winged purposes and acknowledge, red, yellow, white, playing within me and consider green and violet and the tufted crown intentional." At our feet and along the edge of the pond we looked down and found the lost flowers of our childhood. Pitcher plants, lady slippers and pale swamp violets.

Climbing up from the pond and on toward the foundation of the old farm house—to our horror we found that civilization had ridden ahead of us in the form of a bulldozer, pushing through a road. The foundation was an ugly pile of rocks. Something prompted us to start digging madly with sticks and rocks or just our bare hands in order to save something. Soon bits of pottery and glass were turning up and everyone was hoarding his little collection of debris. Staffordshire in blues and pinks, lustreware, gaudy Dutch crockery and English tile with a coat of arms. A pewter button and a perfect olive green wine bottle, locks and hinges which fell apart in our hands. Certainly, we had found the long low kitchen with its ample fireplace — salmon colored bricks gave credence to this.

"Now, Amy Van Velsor," I groaned, trying to straighten up and get the kinks out of my back and suck a bleeding finger, "we can set your table, fill your corner closet with china, and tile the fireplace in your sitting room. But what about you, Cornelius?" For that ruddy faced Dutchman we had found just a wine bottle and a pewterbutton for his vest. Then, under the toe of my boot I found his clay pipe! It was in fragments to be sure, the bowl and parts of the long stem.

"I've found him," I kept mumbling to myself and my Whitman enthusiasts stopped digging for a second to listen to my gibberish, realizing that their worst fears concerning me were taking place right under their eyes. Was I losing my mind! We had followed Walt Whitman to the lands of his forebears.

"Born here of parents, here from parents the same and their parents the same." I recalled from his *Song of Myself*, "I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love. If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles. I stop somewhere waiting for you."

The Meadow Island Monument

Continued from Page 111

(born Sept. 1, 1843), *Charles Augustus (born Sept. 16, 1845), Josephine, Richard Jr., Ann Rebecca (died July 28, 1879), Stephen Henry, Abram Bedell, Ida (died July 21, 1876), Ella Francess (died Apr. 22, 1881).

Beneath the name SCOTT are listed A. J. (Feb. 17, 1835—April 15, 1912) and Mary Elizabeth (Sept. 1, 1843) and the following children: Lafayette B. (born Mar. 20, 1864), Irene (born Nov. 26, 1865), *Charles A. (Aug. 4, 1869—Feb. 15, 1898), Lizzie (born Aug. 14, 1873), Matilda Felty (born Sept 6, 1875), McClellan (born Jan. 1, 1876).

CHARLES A. SCOTT lost his life in Battleship, "Maine" Feb. 15, 1898, in Havana Harbor.

*SMITH—killed by Lightning at the New Inlet Hotel, near Hempstead, L.I. CHARLES, eldest son of Richard and Mary Smith, aged 17 years.

Not after long and wearisome illness nor from the couch of pain, was poor Charley called to the unknown world, but suddenly, out of the depth of the storm, and amidst the crash of the elements, while resting in a happy family circle, he received his summons from the hand of God. In the heyday of his youth, when the world seemed brightest, life the fairest, and death the most remote, he was smitten down—without a single premonition or a word of warning.

Terrible as the blow is, we trust that, in the remembrance of his filial and brotherly virtues, the afflicted parents and heart-broken sisters may find some consolation. Heaven hath sent at least this balm to their lacerated hearts.

Near the broad Atlantic he loved so well, whose perils he so often dared, and with whose shifting moods none was more familiar than himself.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well" its surges shall be his requiem.

A. J. S.

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BOOKS

These items for Long Island students, libraries and collectors are now available. For particulars address the Long Island Forum.

1902 Reprint of A Brief Description of New York (including Long Island), Daniel Denton, 1670. Only 250 copies printed.

Memorial of the Late Honorable David S. Jones, 1849. With appendix containing notices of the Jones Family, of Queens County (Nassau), 1849.

Leafing Down Long Island, Charles Hanson Towne, 1921.

Captain Daniel Roe, His Diary, 1806-8. Brookhaven, L. I. Officer of French and Indian War. 1904.

Superior Fishing, or The Striped Bass, Trout and Black Bass. Robert B. Roosevelt. 1865.

Frank Forester's Field Sports of the United States. Henry William Herbert. 2 vols. in one. 1849.

The Rise and Progress of St. George's Church, Hempstead. Rev. Wm. M. Carmichael. 1841. (Needs binding.)

A History of Early Sayville. Clarissa Edwards. 1935.

The Geology of Long Island. Myron L. Fuller. 1914.

News from New England 1676. Reprint limited to 75 copies. 1865.

Personal Reminiscences (of Long Island). Daniel M. Tredwell. 2 volumes.

History Society Sons of the Revolution, including ancestral line of founders. 1899. 197p. Needs binding.

Old New York. (Reminiscences 1820-80). Wm. E. Dodge. 1880. 59p.

Crusader in Crinoline. Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Forrest Wilson. 1941. 706p.

Yankee As It Is and Was. L. Beecher Homan. 1875. 214p. Needs rebinding. Last page torn.

The County Printer. New York State 1785-1830. Milton W. Hamilton. 1936. 360p.

Yankees and Yorkers. Dixon Ryan Fox. 1940. 237p.

Huntington Babylon Town History. Romanah Sammis. 1937. 296p.

Re-Introducing Our Signers. Raymond E. Addis. 1940. 132p.

Looking Backward (In and around Smithtown) J. E. Handshaw, 1923. 332p.

Valentine's Manual of Old New York. Henry Collins Brown. 1927. 392p.

History of Long Island. Benjamin F. Thompson. 3 vols. 1918. 3d and final edition.

Boyd's Directory of Long Island 1864-5. 332p. Poor binding.

Brooklyn Village 1816-1834. Ralph Foster Weld. 1938. 362p. Foreword by Dixon Ryan Fox.

Drivers Up. The Story of American Harness Racing. Dwight Akers. 1938. 367p.

Select Patents of New York Towns. Frederick Van Wyck. 1938. 180p.

Long Island Colonial Patents. Frederick Van Wyck. 1935. 175p.

The Commodore's Story. Ralph Middleton Munroe and Vincent Gilpin. 1930. 378p.

The Tryal of Capt. Wm. Kidd. Don C. Seitz. Limited edition 650. 1936. 254p.

Salt Water Fishing Tackle. Harlan Major. 1939. 284p.

The Whale Fishery on Long Island. Harry D. Sleight. 1931. 232p.

The Seashore Parade. Muriel Lewin Guberlet. 1942. 197p.

Whitaker's Southold. Rev Epher Whitaker. Edited by Rev. Chas. E. Craven. 1931. 194p.

Spin Your Globe to Long Island. Frederick Simpich. (Reprinted From National Geographic) 1940.

Pamphlets by the Forum

First Train to Greenport, 1844, by Dr. Clarence A. Wood, for more than 40 years secretary to Judges of the Court of Appeals. 50 cents.

History of the Storms and Gales on Long Island, by Osborn Shaw, Official Historian, Town of Brookhaven; *The Hurricane of 1938*, by Dorothy Quick, Poetess and Novelist. Limited, numbered edition. Out of print.

History of Setauket Presbyterian Church, by Kate W. Strong, with introduction by the Rev. Frank M. Kerr, Hempstead. Limited number edition of 200. Sold by Miss Strong, Setauket, L. I. 50 cents.

The Talented Mount Brothers, by Jacqueline Overton, author of "Long Island's Story" and Librarian of the Children's Library, Westbury, with introduction by Harry Peters, art collector, critic, author and lecturer. Limited numbered edition of 500. Sold by author. 50 cents.

Long Island Whaling, by Nathaniel R. Howell, founder of Historically Minded Group. Sold by author, East Islip, L. I. 30 cents.

David Frothingham, Pioneer Editor, by Nancy Boyd Willey. For sale by Mrs. M. M. Willey, L. I. Herald House, Sag Harbor. 50 cents.

Long Island's First Italian, 1839, by Berne A. Pyrke, former New York State Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets. 50 cents.

Streamlining a County Welfare Service, by Edwin W. Wallace, Commissioner Public Welfare, Nassau County. 25 cents.

To Florida and Back from Long Island (in 29-Foot Fishing Skiff), by Captain Charles Suydam, Jr., off-shore fisherman extraordinary. 50 cents.

Ezra L'Hommedieu, *Island Statesman*, by Dr. Clarence Ashton Wood. A biographical sketch of Southold Town's famous native son "Father of the Board of Regents". One Dollar.

Birthplace of John Howard Payne, by Dr. Clarence Ashton Wood, Contributing Editor Long Island Forum. A comprehensive presentation of conclusive proof that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" was born in New York City. Limited edition. One Dollar.

A Small Boat Trip to Florida (Winter of 1947-48), by Captain Charles Suydam, Jr. 50 cents.

History of Patchogue Congregational Church, by Frank Overton, M.D. 50 cents.

True Tales from the early days of Long Island, as told by Kate W. Strong, based on records, documents and other data in her private collection. 11 Pamphlets, each one containing a number of Miss Strong's original stories, reprinted from the Long Island Forum. For particulars address Miss Kate W. Strong, The Cedars, Setauket, L. I.

Earliest English Schools on Long Island, by Nathaniel R. Howell, Town Historian Islip, Councillor Suffolk County Historical Society, Leader Historically Minded Group. Sold by the author, East Islip, N. Y., postpaid 50 cents.

The Pottery at Huntington, by Romanah Sammis, Official Historian, Town of Huntington. For sale by Huntington Historical Society. 25 cents.

Distribution of Wild Orchids on Long Island by Roy Latham, well known authority. Limited, numbered edition. Sold by author, Orient, L. I. 50 cents.

Five Thousand Years of Relief, by Edwin W. Wallace, Commissioner Public Welfare, Nassau County; President, New York Association of Public Welfare Officials. Out of print.

Tales of An Island and Its People, by Dr. Clarence A. Wood. A group of seven sketches on Long Island's famous horses and horsemen of yesteryear, and other historical subjects. 50 cents.

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Forum

Continued from page 118

Vernon now ocupies part of this property.

Then there are the village and town of Harrison, N. Y., which are named for the Quaker, John Harrison, of Flushing. A tombstone at Greensburg, N. J., reads: "Rebecca Creede of Jamaica, died Sept. 26, 1757, daughter of William Creede." It was, I believe, her family after which Creedmore, Long Island is named. Still another instance is that of Smith Clove on the west side of the Hudson, which was founded by Long Island Smiths.

Mrs. Mabel C. Tompkins,
Chappaqua, N. Y.

It would be interesting to hear of other off-island locations named for Long Islanders. Editor.

* * *

Long Island Eagle

I have heard that the photograph of a spread eagle made by Dr. Frank Overton, native of East Patchogue, was adopted for use on the United States quarter. Where may this be verified, if correct?

Gussie Conway, Levittown.

* * *

Continued on back cover

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CLOSED TUESDAYS

Forum

Continued From Page 122

Long Island Slunk

Here is an old Long Island clam dish. Brown squares of salt pork, just enough water to cover. Cut up clams. Put them in. Cube potatoes and put in. Put in onion. When potatoes are done, the slunk is ready for serving.

George Phraser, Mitchell Field.

✣ ✣ ✣

Dr. Wood's excellent article on the real birthplace of John Howard Payne is very well written. I enjoyed this reading.

Hon. Edward R. Finch,
Former Judge, N. Y. Court of Appeals.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Forum comes each month and I look forward to my continuous education in Island History under the guidance of your well informed writers. (Mrs.) Ann Hallock Currie-Bell, Southold.

✣ ✣ ✣

I find the articles most interesting. Livingston S. Jennings, National Dairy Research Laboratories, Inc., Oakdale.

✣ ✣ ✣

I do enjoy reading the Forum and find so many interesting articles. (Mrs.) Nettie S. Mott, Babylon.

✣ ✣ ✣

I thought John O'Halloran's article on the Canarsee Indians contained a storehouse of valuable information. Maynard Nichols, Babylon.

✣ ✣ ✣

I have enjoyed the Long Island Forum very much with the interesting information it contains about your part of the country.

Mrs. James Q. Graves,
Monroe, Louisiana

✣ ✣ ✣

Capt. Suydam's recent article "Duck Shooting of Yesteryear" in the Long Island Forum is a must for all outdoor sportsmen.—Jack Altshul in Newsday.

✣ ✣ ✣

I liked the eel grass story by Julian Denton Smith in the March Forum.

John Good,
Garden City.

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